2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

like landscapes in which every branch and every leaf is carefully painted, done with the love of a Persian miniaturist, a Cranach, a Breughel or a Douanier Rousseau.

When I could speak fair Malay, I discovered it was not enough. Malay was the trade language between Balinese and foreigners, spoken mainly by the new generations of the towns, so I started to learn a little Balinese to be able to understand the most interesting people of the island – the older men and women – but just then we had to leave our new home to return to America. On the way back we stopped in Paris, where the Colonial Exposition was going on. There we found friends from Bali – the Tjokordes of Ubud, feudal lords of Spies's village, the leaders of the troupe of dancers and musicians that were the sensation of the exposition. With them I continued to study the difficult Balinese language, because I had then and there made up my mind to return to Bali as soon as possible. I had some random notes, and Rose had taken hundreds of photographs. Someone in Paris suggested publishing an album of the pictures, with text from the notes, which I later decided were disconnected and quite unsatisfactory. We had grown so homesick for Bali that the only thing left to do was to return, so in the summer of 1933, partly assisted by a generous scholarship from the Guggenheim Foundation and partly with our savings, we sailed back to Bali.

At first we were disappointed; the tourist rush was in full swing and we began to hear that missionaries, unknown in Bali up to the time we left, were making converts, and everybody talked of trouble on their account. In Den Pasar a great many women had taken to wearing clumsy blouses, the young were developing contempt for Balinese ways, and the people complained of poverty, another novelty in Bali. Dutch gold currency had gone up, and even there, where trade is unimportant, prices had crashed to bottom levels. Only twenty-five cents could be obtained for one of the great sheafs of rice that before brought ten times as much; a cow could be bought for five guilders, and a pig for one. The Balinese were unable to obtain cash to pay back taxes, and their

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

184 361 [609] isolation in Tenganan that there is an official specially appointed to sweep the village after the visits of strangers, to obliterate their footprints. Such is the obsession for

We became acquainted with I-Tanggú, a youngish man with [115] fingernails four inches long, who was the *perbekel* of Tenganan, the representative of his village with the Dutch Government. We were surprised to find him quite sociable. Once we played host to him in Den Pasar and from then on we were often invited to visit Tenganan. Unlike the rest of the villages in Bali, there is hardly any vegetation around the Tenganan houses, which are all exactly alike and are arranged in rows on each side of stone-paved avenues. In the central place is the council house where the Elders meet, a long shed about ten feet wide by some seventy feet long, strongly built and apparently very old. Farther along are other buildings for public use, the purpose of some kept a secret. The most curious are the unique mill for grinding *kemiri* [252] [788] nuts to obtain oil, and the wooden Ferris-wheel, usually dismantled, in which the women revolve for hours in a strange rite. 342 The dwelling of I-Tanggú is just like all the others: a small gate reached by a flight of steps leads into a court in which are the sleeping-quarters, the kitchen, and a long house for relatives and [775] for storage. There is also a small empty shrine where the spirits may rest when they visit their descendants.

184 The people of Tenganan are tall, slender, and aristocratic in a [142] [302] rather ghostly, decadent way, with light skins and refined manners. The majority of the men still wear their hair long. They are proud and look down even on the Hindu-Balinese nobility, who respect them and leave them alone. They live in a strange 423 communistic or, rather, patriarchal-communalistic system in which individual ownership of property is not recognized and in which even the plans and measurements of the houses are set and alike for everybody. The village of Tenganan owns communally enormous tracts of fertile and well-cultivated lands that fill every need of the village and make it one of the richest in the

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

Acknowledgments

The material for this monograph was collected in Bali—then part of Netherlands East Indies, now part of the Republic of Indonesia — between 1931 and 1939, before the Japanese occupation. This paper was originally designed as part of a much longer, still unpublished volume on Balinese trance; the pattern of trance behavior repeats in the experience of the entranced individual the pattern of the temple feast in which the gods are first invoked, then entertained, and finally persuaded to depart. Because a formal outline of the Balinese temple ceremonial should be of interest to students of many other sorts of cultural phenomena besides trance, it has seemed desirable to publish this segment now.

This monograph deals with the pattern of the *odalan*, the major calendrical feast of a Balinese temple, as it was celebrated in Sajan, a village in the central part of South Bali, District of Gianjar, in 1937–38. I have confined myself to the actual ceremonial in this temple, but my discussion is based on observations of numerous *odalans*, in different types of temples in many parts of Bali. The photographs are of other temple feasts as none were taken at this ceremony.

During the latter part of my field experience in Bali, I worked under the supervision of and in close collaboration with Dr. Margaret Mead and Mr. Gregory Bateson. For their assistance, interest, and encouragement I am deeply grateful. To work with them was a privilege, and the training I received has been invaluable to me. Margaret Mead has also given generously of her time, and the benefit of her specific knowledge of the area, in cross-checking the present manuscript and preparing it for publication.

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3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

796 they are given a final rousing send-off (*ngelosarang*), and the villagers, their subjects, shout after them as they depart.

[118] [116] It will be seen how many of these patterns, institutionalized as homage to the godly presences, are carried over in the treatment of the entranced. The invitation to the gods to descend, by the same means as that by which they enter the god-figures, the "ladder" of smoke from the incense brazier, the dressing, the symbolic toilette, the offering of an honored place to be seated, the giving of food and betel and libations of [182] wine, and finally the send-off, all may appear in the ceremonial offered to the entranced. It must be understood that these attentions are given to the people in whom the gods have manifested their presence by the state of trance, in the same spirit as they are given to the little god-figures at the temple festival.

796 114 The temple festival of which we will give the record took place in the temple, *Poera Nagasari*, in the village of Sajan, April 21 to 25, 1937. Sajan is the village in which I lived from 1932 till 1939, as a member of [123] the ward *Bandjar Koetoeh*, to whose 105 households the temple belongs. The record is from my notes and from those of Goesti Madé, my Balinese secretary, who with me attended throughout the proceedings, even sleeping in the temple when there was a few hours' pause in the ceremonial. The officiating priest, *pemangkoe dêsa* of *Bandjar Koetoeh*, [115] Sajan, was a good friend. He explained the various rites so far as possible as they went along, and, afterwards, gave many hours to discussing the points which remained unclear.

The 105 households of the ward *Bandjar Koetoeh* are said to *njoengsoeng* (to support, literally, to carry on the head) the temple, *Poera Nagasari*. The festival in this temple occurs once a year on the day called *boeda manis djoeloengwangi*. When, in six months, that day comes around again, a smaller festival called *sepèn* (*sepian*) is held. For the big festival, the *odalan*, the people say, "The gods stand for three days" (*Ida Betara meketeloen ngadeg*), but in reality the celebration formally begun on the evening of *boeda manis*, a Wednesday, lasts until after dawn of the following Sunday morning.

5: Belo E-5 (1931-1934)1935 OF7 Bali OF7

Certainly the feeling that twins are an evil omen is widespread throughout this extensive area. But I found no evidence to show that the Balinese ever went so far as to kill the children, except in the case of triplets which were two boys and one girl. A Padandă from Sanur and a lontar from Kabă-Kabă (Tabanan) stated that these were to be thrown in the sea or abandoned on the shore; but my informants added that "other people", i.e. not the parents, might take them up and care for them. Probably the high mortality of twins in Bali is sufficiently explained by the undesirable removal of them the day after birth, the sojourn in an inadequate shelter during the first weeks, and perhaps the physical and mental effects on the mother of the whole anxious period before the purification.

Another point must be mentioned in connection with the early death and the separation of the twins. I was told by Chokordă Anom, keeper of the genealogy (*babad*) of the ruling family of Klungkung, that in the time of the Balinese kings all twins and triplets were taken into the Puri of the Rajă to become his slaves (*parĕkan*). The Rajă had the right to take these children, whether two boys, two girls, or whatever the assortment of the sexes. The Rajă's power over them continued throughout their lifetime. It happened in Taro in the last generation that a boy-twin was separated from his sister when they reached puberty, by order of the Anak Agung (prince) of Tĕgal-lalang, whose *parĕkan* the boy became. Later the boy was released from servitude. He returned to Taro and married his twin. He is now dead, and his widow is an old woman. This is the only case I found where a twin or triplet was taken by a prince, although De Vroom speaks of finding in lontars that boy and girl twins may be dedicated to the prince, who will have them educated [1]). And this case also is too far in the past to make sure that it was on account of his being a twin that the boy was taken into servitude. Princes in Bali still can find ways of casting their subjects into

[1]) Vide p. 510 nt. 1.